

Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. V.

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1901.

Nos. 8 and 9.

THE BATTLE IS THE LORD'S!

ADA MELVILLE SHAW.

Did they finish the fight that day
When the Liberty Bell was rung?
Did they silence the noise of war
When Liberty's triumph was sung?
Was Freedom made Sovereign indeed,
When the Old Bell pealed to the world
That the reign of Oppression was done,
And the banner of Freedom unfurled?

*A battle has waged since the world was new,
A battle is on! God calleth for you!*

Sweet flowers are blooming to-day
Where life-seeking bullets once rained,
The sun sends beneficent shafts
On sod that with hearts' blood was stained;
And the Liberty Bell hangs high,
At rest with the true and the strong,—
Did they finish the fight that day
When it rang out its rapturous song?

*The battle has waged since the world was new,
The battle is fierce! God calleth for you!*

There is woe in our broad, brave land,
Though we shout for victories won;

Wide trenches are heaped with our dead,
Though our banners flash in the sun;
For the fight came not to a close
When the Bell flung its news afar,
O'er all our huzzas and acclaim,
Still echo the horrors of war.

*This battle has waged since the world was new,
This battle is God's! God calleth for you!*

Wherever the adder of drink
Stings body and soul to the death,
Wherever the fumes of the cup
Mix woe with man's God-given breath,—
There charges the foe, and there fall
Our dearest, our best and our brave;
Finished not was the fight that day,
For America harbors the slave:
The slave of the death-dealing still,
The slave of the drunkards' wild woe,
America's danger to-day
Emboldens America's foe.

*Then strike! For the battle is God's,
Strike deep, as you cherish your own!
In the name of our God smite the foe,
Till Liberty taketh her throne!*

— FROM UNION SIGNAL.

510 * Tremont * Temple
Boston

"Topics for 1901."

JANUARY.
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HOME MISSION ECHOES.

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

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Our Workers.

MRS. ALICE B. COLEMAN, our President, is spending the summer at Falmouth, Mass.

Miss H. E. Giles and Miss M. B. Packard, of Spelman Seminary, after an absence of several years, are visiting New England during their vacation.

Miss L. H. Upton, Dean of Spelman Seminary, is in Providence, R. I.

Miss May B. Peckham, of Spelman, will pass the summer in Waverley, Mass.

Rev. L. G. Barrett and family, of Jackson College, Miss., are at their summer home in Cottage City.

Rev. L. B. Tefft and family, of Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Va., are also at Cottage City for the summer.

Miss S. E. Owen, of Beaufort, S. C., after visiting Associations in Vermont during July, and doing very acceptable work, will pass the remainder of her vacation in Spring-

field, Mass. Miss L. R. Kinsman, of the same school, is at her home in Watertown, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rishel, of Velarde, New Mexico, will remain in New Mexico during the summer.

Miss Elma G. Gower, of Santiago, Cuba, will remain in New England until the last of August, when she will return to her work in Cuba.

Rev. and Mrs. A. B. Rudd and family were compelled to leave Ponce, Porto Rico, for the summer, and seek a cooler climate. This leaves a heavy burden of care upon Mrs. Duggan, our Young People's missionary.

Quite a number of students from our Southern schools are in New England for the summer. Miss Jane Anna Granderson, one of the two pupils of Spelman Seminary who graduated from the College this summer, is at the Harvard summer school.

Miss Mary Chavis, a graduate of Winton, N. C., is studying at the New England Conservatory.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever." — *Tennyson.*

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AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1901.

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The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Editorial.

NOT long since, an intelligent Christian woman, in speaking of a recent issue of a missionary periodical, made the following criticism: "There is nothing about missions in the paper, it is all temperance." We understand what this Christian worker missed as she scanned the pages of her paper, but as the greatest enemy to successful missionary work is intemperance, we call well directed temperance work, *missionary work*.

Among the Chinese, opium hinders the gospel message from finding a place in the heart. In Mexico, pulque, the juice of the maguey plant, steals away the senses, and causes the home life to be cheerless and sad. Among the negroes, egg-nog at Christmas neutralizes much of the Christian work of the year. It takes strong characters to withstand the temptations of the holidays, as the custom of drinking, is observed in city and on the plantation. We have written each teacher, asking "How does intemperance affect your school work?" We publish the replies that have been received, and they show us how intimately missionary and temperance work are associated. The saloon should be branded as a nuisance by every Christian. It is an evil, an "incarnate calamity," but back of the saloon is the citizen who makes it possible for this evil to flourish. We may have compromise with the foe, but our Christian work all over the world will suffer, unless the individual Christian, by precept and example, take a firm stand for total abstinence. We would urge the women of our churches to let the influence of their lives be strong for temperance. The habit of drinking in social circles is increasing alarmingly among women. One Christian woman in her home and in society can be a true missionary by her firm refusal to join in the prevailing custom.

When Mrs. Hayes had been nearly four years in the White House, the agent of a New York wine house gave this testimony: "We don't sell one case of wine in Washington now, where we sold thirty some years ago. Mrs. Hayes's 'no wine at state dinners' may have sounded easy

to other people, but it was almost the sound of death to the wine trade."

From official figures we learn that there are in the United States 1,845 breweries, with 24,800 employees. If converted into factories, they would probably give employment to ten times as many persons, and would pay annually in wages about \$280,000,000, to the \$28,000,000 now paid by the breweries. We also learn from figures, as well as experience, that women and children are the chief sufferers from these breweries. When Christian women unitedly, at home and in social life, take the stand which Mrs. Hayes took, the breweries and the wine trade will no longer flourish.

It Must Be Settled Right.

HOWEVER the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes
With fluttering flags and prancing hags
And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto
In letters of living light —
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor
May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voices of fame with one acclaim
May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning
And keep this motto in sight —
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage,
Though the enemy seemed to have won,
Though his ranks are strong, if he be in the wrong,
The battle is not yet done,
For sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of the night,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Home Mission Echoes

Notes.

THE census of 1890 shows that in fifteen of our largest cities there were 465,314 arrests during the previous year, 339,737 of which were due directly to drink.

THE report of the commissioner of internal revenue shows that our army of liquor dealers numbers 238,683, or nearly four times the number in the United States army under the new law.

THE *Wine and Spirit Gazette* says that salicylic and benzoic acids, bisulphites of lime, soda, and potassium, and a compound of ammonium fluorid and hydrofluoric acid, are used to keep beer from spoiling.

It has been found by experiment in New Haven that a coffee bar, established from benevolent motives next to a saloon, and offering the same opportunities for sociability, was able to drive the saloon out of business.

JAPAN, with practically the same poor laws as Great Britain, has only 24,000 paupers, while Great Britain has 180,000. A Japanese statesman, being asked to explain, replied, "The Japanese drink tea; the British drink alcohol."

THE saloon-keepers of America are nearly all of un-English extraction. The very fewest of them are those old American families who founded this country. The saloon-keepers of the United States are, as a rule, the riff-raff and scum of Germany. Many of them are criminals, who dare not return to Germany, and who, as a prominent New York liquor journal recently pointed out, would be jailed at once in the fatherland if they attempted to sell such poison as they do here.

AN Alaska exchange makes this very sensible comment upon local conditions:

"The Indians, especially the better class, feel it, that six saloons (to a white population of possibly three hundred) will be licensed in Fort Wrangel the coming year. They feel that they are being compelled to carry more than their share of the white man's burden. If Indians are compelled to live among saloons, it is unfortunate that they have not the right to vote on the question."

To do away with the ghastly curse of intemperance, to wipe this fretting plague spot from our national life, to save another generation from the burden, the shame, and the ruin which this one vice has inflicted upon our land, is the task which we of this generation have to do. No work that any nation ever had to do can be more immediately and overwhelmingly important. — *W. G. Haesselbarth, in Christian Work.*

AN item is going the rounds of the press to the effect that whiskey is made out of old rags. We see nothing remarkable about this. Every one knows that nearly all the old rags in this country are manufactured out of whiskey, and there is no apparent reason why the process of conversion may not work as well one way as another — from whiskey to rags, and from rags to whiskey. What a beautiful business it is! — *New York Observer.*

REMEMBER that this number of ECHOES will be the last until October. As our patrons are enjoying their vacations by seashore and mountains, let them not forget the great

work of the Society, but may they remember it in prayer day by day.

THE excellent paper entitled "The Mission Circle, and The Club Woman," read at our annual meeting in Concord, N. H., by Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt, has been published in leaflet form, and can be obtained by sending to headquarters; price, three cents. Mrs. Hunt has been for many years the Vice-President of our Woman's Home Mission Society, and for ten years was editor of THE HOME MISSION ECHOES. She is also President of the Maine Federation of Women's Clubs. Out of her own experience as a Christian woman, Mrs. Hunt speaks strong, helpful words to the women of New England.

THE question comes to us, "What shall the presidents of the local circles do with the petition, after they have secured signatures?" We would suggest that the presidents of the local circle send the petitions to the Director of the Association. When the Director has received them from all the churches, she (the Director) will send them to the Vice-President of the State. Upon the opening of Congress the Vice-President will send them by express to Washington, D. C. We advise this simply to avoid confusion. Will the Directors look after their respective churches, and the State Vice-President have charge of the Directors in her States? In order to have success in this undertaking, some one must work systematically and untiringly.

Immigration Statistics.

IN six weeks 50,000 immigrants, half of them Italians, have arrived in New York, and before the end of the month many thousands more Italians will have landed. Out of the 271,223 immigrants who came from Europe in 1895, only 36,961 were from Italy. Last year there were 100,135 natives of that country to arrive, out of a total of 424,700 European immigrants. In 1895, Ireland contributed 47,972 immigrants, and Germany 36,351. Last year Ireland sent only 35,730, and Germany only 18,507. Russia last year sent 90,787, and Austria-Hungary furnished 114,847, the largest number that came to our shores from any one country during 1900. — *Boston Herald.*

A Chinaman on Lacing.

HERE is what one Chinaman says in the *North China Daily News* about "Corsets against Small Shoes:"

"What is the use of binding the feet? It is the same use as tightening the waist among you Europeans. Do you tighten the waist for comfort? No. Is it to make one look taller or shorter? No. Then what is it for? It is for beauty. It is to catch the eyes of men. So is foot-binding. They are both for the benefit of men. Foot-binding does not do as much harm as waist-tightening."

"When so many of your men have written against the harm of waist-tightening and not succeeded, how can a few of your women think to put a stop to our ancient custom? You have many medical women. Why do they not loosen their waists before they ask our women to loosen their feet? Your enlightened Christian women should begin at home by forming an anti-waist-tightening society; then we Chinese may follow your example."

Alaska.

A Curious Test of Friendship.

IN our annual report we stated that a man and wife were needed to help in the care of the Alaska Orphanage, a primary teacher for the younger children in the Mission, a doctor for the Kodiak District, and a teacher for the government school. We are happy to say that some of these positions are filled. Mr. and Mrs. Forby, of Deep River, Iowa, have been appointed as assistants of Mr. Coe, and will leave Seattle for Wood Island the 23d of July. Dr. C. F. Mills, of Hartford, Conn., goes at his own expense as physician for the Kodiak District,—he will board at the Orphanage, and in return will give medical care to the children and all connected with the Mission.

In a recent letter, writing of his inability to secure help, Mr. Coe says, "Every available man drinks, and now, with the open saloon, it is impossible to secure help." He also writes, "I had a very difficult task two weeks ago. The captain of one of the schooners here committed suicide, and I was asked to preach the funeral sermon."

He was a spiritualist, an infidel, as far as I could learn about him in the past years. His last crime was the result of a protracted spree, and was committed to escape a possible reprimand. I went to the schooner as soon as I learned that he was dead, and examined him at the request of the North American Company's agent. At that time we found no indication that anything was wrong, and thought that death resulted from heart disease. When, however, the mate went to prepare him for burial, he found a bullet-hole in his left breast. A coroner's jury was summoned, and brought in a verdict of suicide. How to preach on such an occasion was the question. At last, I took as my text, 'What is man that thou art mindful of him,' and preached to the living, some of whom had never been inside the church before. Almost all who were present had been accustomed to drink with Captain Kyam, and all knew him well. This is one of the results of the license law in Alaska. Captain Kyam drank before there was a saloon, and would always drink when he could get it, but the saloon gave more frequent opportunities for drinking, and suicide followed as a direct consequence. His friends of Kodiak requested that he be buried in the American burying-ground at Kodiak, but none of them cared enough to come to the funeral. His friends consisted largely of those who had furnished him liquor (for cash), and those who were willing to drink with him."

DR. JACKSON tells this incident, which occurred in 1892. It illustrates the attitude of the Eskimos toward those helpless from age or sickness. To put such to death is considered an act of kindness. "On my annual trip to Alaska a man came aboard the revenue cutter on which I was travelling. The captain had seen him and a partner with him on several other trips, and so he said to him, 'Bill, where's Joe?' 'I shot him,' calmly replied Bill. 'Shot him?' 'Yes; he was very sick and sent for me to come and see him and bring my gun. So I went. He told me he was very sick; he knew he would never get well, and he asked me as his friend to shoot him. I didn't want to. I said he would get well and we would go hunting together, as we had before. But he insisted, and at last I told him I'd go home, and if he didn't get well in so many days I'd do what he asked me. When the time had passed he sent a boy for me; he wasn't getting well, and wanted me to keep my promise. So I did.'"



NATIVE HOMES IN ALASKA.

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WHILE we are occasionally indulging in salmon at thirty

cents per pound, it is gratifying to know that our friends on Wood Island, Alaska, are enjoying the finest quality of salmon gratis. Our Alaska boys have during the last month, with the help of some outside native boys, and under their own leadership, caught and salted seventy-five barrels of fish. They were fishing at the same place that three and four gangs of fishermen for other salters were fishing, and they got half as many as the others. The other salters have stopped, but our boys will go on with the work, and they hope to clear, above their wages, two dollars per barrel.

A THOUGHTFUL friend sent a quantity of flower seeds to a missionary in Chikcat, Alaska. The reception of these seeds was the occasion of much excited interest among the native pupils, as well as gratification to the teacher, who writes enthusiastically: "I am going to have a whole bed of mignonette, and I have selected a mignonette verse from Exodus—'A perpetual incense before the Lord.' For my pansies—God's thoughts—Amos 4: 13; I had a long search for my pansy verse. 'The heavens declare the glory of God,' and I think the flowers declare His love."

Some Thoughts on Temperance in the Southland.

GEORGIA, with its moonshine distilleries, easy manufacture of spirituous liquors in the homes of this fruitful region, and its social wine drinking, with only about forty W. C. T. U. organizations in the whole State, certainly has not a temperance sentiment which is very helpful to the people for whom our schools were founded.

This condition of things is bad enough for the white people, but worse still for the colored, for, as was said recently, at a temperance meeting in Spelman, by a colored State temperance worker: "Intemperance, ever a curse to any people, is especially so to the negroes, because they have not, as yet, made for themselves a standing as a race or a people. The Anglo-Saxons and other peoples made them a place in the world before they allowed liquor to become such a curse to them; but not so with the negroes. They, by indulging in intemperance, are undermining and enervating all their powers, by which, and which only, they can hope to attain to a place among men; and so it will continue to be unless those who realize the evil will take a strong stand, and determinedly fight it." This is a truth, and it ought to appeal to every one who has any race pride.

There are a number of ways in which liquor is an especial snare to the colored people. There is practically no law against selling liquor to negro minors. But the law, just as soon as they are drunk, puts them in the chain-gang, and in this way the State gets a great deal of free labor. Again, the negroes allow themselves to be made the dupes of white liquor lovers, permitting cases of fine liquors to be shipped in their names, and receiving a portion of the same as pay. Then too, they think that, in order to conduct their social gatherings properly, they must indulge in the long established custom of wine drinking. And another snare, which probably affects the poor most, is the delusion that liquor gives them more strength for their hard daily toil. Oh, sad the delusion which makes the poor toiler think that he will better endure the toil of the day, by taking his morning toddy, and the poor woman that she can easier do the hard work over the tub all day, by keeping whiskey on hand for daily use; yes, and that her poor, half-sick, necessarily neglected babe may best be quieted by giving it a little of the appetite-forming "medicine!"

It is a very important part of the work of our schools to give the students who will go out to impress their sentiments upon their people, a proper realization of the spiritual, moral, and physical effects of this evil. Spelman is trying to do this work in more ways than one. A temperance society holds monthly meetings; a ten weeks' course of lessons on "The Nature and Effects of Narcotics" is given, while the same subject receives careful attention throughout the different departments in connection with the instruction in physiology. So effective is this work that few students leave Spelman without taking the pledge, and also taking away with them a disposition to do some temperance work in their homes and communities, and not a few re-

ports have come to us of homes in which the making of wines has been stopped through their influence. We also hear of temperance societies being formed in towns and country districts where our girls teach. They are eager for literature on this subject, to distribute, and any material of this kind sent to Spelman will be gladly received.

A person not having lived among these people cannot realize the courage it requires for our students to go out and hold to temperance principles. May our schools faithfully



MISS H. E. GILES.

strive to fortify them against the temptations and ridicule which they have to meet in trying to uphold the cause of temperance.

A SPELMAN WORKER.

A Prayer.



ASK, O Lord, that from my life may flow
Such gladsome music, soothing, sweet and clear
From a fine-strung harp, to reach the weary ear
Of struggling men,

To bid them pause awhile and listen; then
With spirit calmer, stronger than before,
Take up their work once more.
I only pray that, through the common days
Of this my life, unceasingly may steal
Into some aching heart strains that shall help to heal
Its long-borne pain,
To lift the thoughts from self and worldly gain
And fill the life with harmonies divine:
Oh may such power be mine!
Thus would I live; and when all working day
Are o'er for me,
May the rich music of my life ring on
Eternally!

— Wesleyan Magazine.

Waters Institute, Winton, N. C.

KNOW of no greater snare to the black men of our State than intemperance.

Not all of them are drunkards, but a great many are moderate drinkers. This class of persons is a greater hindrance to the temperance cause than the man oft in the gutter. The drunken sot is looked upon with contempt, while the moderate drinker can, and often does, hold positions of honor and trust even in the church.

Intemperance is a snare because the very poor among us imitate at a dear cost the pastime and indulgences of those better off in the world's goods, and too often the indulgence is carried to the extreme.

The colored man is too poor, too ignorant, too far down in the social scale to follow strong drink.

Intemperance is a snare to our young men, who sacrifice education, morals, good homes, and all that they might be, for the wine cup, cigars, and all the evils accompanying such habits.

Root out intemperance from among our people, and their onward, upward march will be greatly accelerated. The home, the school, the church will be relieved of a millstone from about the neck and rise with grandeur toward the high and holy mark each should attain.

There is hope for a brighter day. The few women brave enough to unite themselves into a temperance band, are as bravely seconded by a few young men, stout enough of heart and purpose to fight the monster rum.

A strong temperance sentiment is being cultivated in the State, and is felt whenever the liquor question is submitted to the people. At least two-thirds of the State is under prohibition. Gates, the adjoining county to Hertford, is dry, by the consent of the people. The town of Winton, and Hertford County will be dry after June 1st, not by vote, but by the consent of the enlightened conscience of the people.

These facts are encouraging because no canvassing has been required. The work has been done quietly and prayerfully.

The temperance sentiment is taking such fast hold of the people that, in a few years more, no decent man will dare be found guilty of dealing in the liquor traffic.

Our schools are doing a great work along this line. We

look forward to the day when our young men and young women shall do still more for the salvation of the home and the nation.

CORA B. PERSON.

Coleman Academy, Gibland, La.

I AM glad to say we have been successful in raising our New Century Building, after its having fallen the second time. It is almost completed, thank God for the same. We have struggled hard to do this work, without the aid of any one but students, teachers, and our friends.

School closed on the 31st of May. We had quite a nice time. We raised about three hundred dollars to help complete

the building at our closing.

We ask the prayers of you sisters. After completing the New Century Building, we will not have enough room to accommodate the students.

We also need more bedding and clothing for students. We are glad to get anything you have on that line, such as pieces of carpeting to go by the beds of the students, table-cloths, and any house articles are of much importance to us. Pray that some person who has money will be touched enough to donate some to this school. God will surely bless them, because we are a poor and struggling people for existence. We are trying to be encouraged. The schoolrooms were so crowded until we could not tell one class from another. It was impossible for us to teach. We had to get the church from the colored people of this place. Two of the teach-

ers went to the church to teach, and two remained on the ground. We had rooms for the different teachers, but the students came so fast, until the rooms could not hold them. After the other teachers had gone to the church, we were still crowded, but made out. It was indeed a make-out. The poor students hated so bad to leave the ground to go over to the church, until some of them would cry. We did not like to see this, so we went to work and fixed the two laundries so those two teachers would not have to go through the rain to the church. After the laundries were fixed, it was not long before the laundries could not hold them. They filled the laundries, and some would have to stand on the galleries while the others were inside. So you see the conditions under which we had to suffer. I am not telling you half, but only giving you an idea. We need desks to put in the schoolroom. We need a good library, and we need an outfit for the laundry. May the Lord reach some one's heart, and help them to give some money to help build. Pray for us to not become discouraged, but hold out to the end.

MATTIE A. COLEMAN



MISS H. L. UPTON, DEAN OF SPELMAN SEMINARY.

Mather School, Beaufort, S. C.

T is stated, by good authority, that half the money of the colored people in this vicinity goes for whiskey and tobacco. Christmas Day six hundred dollars were taken at the *Dispensary*; and none dare say how much more, at the many other places where it can be found, outside the legalized quarters.

One of the scrub-women whom we employ remarked that she would not be obliged to work thus to support her little ones, if her husband did not spend his money for liquor at a small store near their miserable cabin. We help feed and clothe one of her children, that he may not suffer with cold and hunger. The dwarfed body and brain tell too well the tainted blood.

A sad specimen of humanity is the old man who hobbles to the school to ask if we will buy wood. We take it even

Montana. The private side entrances to the saloons show that the women are also addicted to the use of alcoholic beverages; neither are these "private" entrances maintained alone for women of low caste, but women who are classed as people of higher standing enter these so-called respectable saloons. There are five hundred or more licensed saloons; there are also from seventy-five to a hundred grocers, who, with few exceptions, sell liquor by the gallon, quart, or bottle, but not by the glass. In this way intemperance is introduced into the families, and the young are influenced by the example of their parents. I consider this phase of the liquor traffic the most destructive. While we do not see its direct influence on our school work, we do know that it is a widespread evil, the evil of the present generation, and lowers the standard of humanity in all classes.

MRS. WHITMORE.



S. E. OWEN.

if not needed. A small sum is paid in money, and the remainder in a *due bill* on a grocery store, that the poor wife, rather than the bar, may share in the benefit.

May I tell how mission work was once used to block the way of intemperance? A colored man, clerk of a Baptist church, was too fond of strong drink. We greatly desired he should pass the Christmastide without its use, and strong, earnest prayer was lifted in his behalf. Later in the day, when he was told of the fact, he looked as if he were sure such prayers were of no use. A week later, he solemnly said, "Don't you pray against me any more. I did get the whiskey, but I had to drive back over a cotton-field at night, and when I got home the jug had tipped over, the cork had rolled out, and the whiskey was gone. Don't you pray against me any more."

SARAH E. OWEN.

Butte, Montana.

IN reply to your question, "How does intemperance affect your work?" I would say more indirectly than otherwise. Intemperance is by no means confined to the men in

Atoka, Indian Territory.

THE influence of intemperance upon the Indians in Indian Territory is a hindrance to Christian work. They are of course supposedly protected from it by law, but 'tis constantly smuggled in, and peddled out, among them. They seek it ardently — will pawn their last pony for a few drinks. It seems to fire their brains very quickly; even the more intelligent and industrious of them cannot resist it. Let them get a little money, and if whiskey can't be had here, they go across the line to Denison, Texas, and spend their means and manhood.

Often their church meetings are largely consumed with disciplining members who have thus indulged.

FLORENCE ELLIS.

"This Cursed Drink."

CAN anything be more pathetic than the following letter, which was found in the coat pocket of a man whose body was recently found in the river Yarra? Does it not appeal, not merely to the poor boys of the wretched man who had through the "cursed drink" rushed unbidden into the presence of his Master, but also to every one who reads it, to have nothing to do with liquors which too frequently lead to such an awful result? Does it not also appeal to all who profess to be followers of Christ to do all in their power to remove this terrible stumbling-block of strong drink out of the way of their fellow men?

"DEAREST KATE:—Forgive me for committing this rash act, but I do believe that I am mad simply through this cursed drink. But believe me, Kate, it is truly because I love you so much, and I am certain it will be for your sake good. I feel I cannot help myself; it must be a disease with me. Ask and (?) pray that the dear boys learn a lasting lesson never to touch it in their lives. May God bless you and keep you all, and may I be forgiven for this sinful act. With very best love, blessing and kisses for you all, I am, dear Kate, your broken-hearted but foolish husband, Charlie." — *Commonwealth*.

Where Did He Find You?

THE night was shading the landscape with winter twilight when the man entered this town. He was no common man, and was bent upon no ordinary mission. An empire was to be overthrown and upon its ruins a new kingdom established. It was an enterprise environed with peril. Already it had cost precious lives and priceless fortunes. The man bore himself as one who journeys through a hostile country, knowing that his enemies swarmed about him, vigilant, fearless, powerful.

He took from his breast a little book and glanced at the list of names written therein.

"I have in this community," he said, "a band of five hundred friends, who have vowed ever to be loyal to me, faithful to my cause. They know that it is in danger. This is the night of their own appointment for meeting me, that I may instruct and encourage and strengthen them."

The deep tone of the bell broke upon the air. "It is the signal for their gathering," said the man, and hastened forward. Soon he paused before a large building which, save for one dimly lighted room in the rear of the basement, was empty and silent. A man, evidently on guard, stood near the door. He started as the stranger saluted him.

"I am expecting to meet some friends here to-night."

The janitor looked suspiciously at him.

"You'll have to wait, then," he said presently. "There won't be anybody around here for half an hour yet."

Presently an old woman came in, glanced timidly about her, and sat down as far away from the stranger as she could get. By and by came two women. Then a bevy of young girls fluttered in, sat down, bent their heads together for a convulsive giggle and lapsed into silence. A lame man limped to a seat behind the stove. After awhile, a group of women rustled in, one of them leading a reluctant boy. A tired-looking man, in laborer's garb, sank wearily into a seat apart from the rest. A long interval, and there entered a man in black, who stealthily tip-toed his way to a seat that faced the others. Others came dropping in until twenty-three were assembled in, or, rather, scattered about the room. They were evidently there in peril of their lives. Everything disclosed a scene of half-restrained fear. The repeated glances at the clock; the painful intenseness with which they listened to every approaching footfall until it passed, the quickness with which all eyes were turned toward the door as often as it was opened, deepened the impression that this was an unlawful assembly.

The stranger softly passed out, no one barring his way. Glancing at his book by the wind-shaken light of the street-lamps, he was searching for his absent friends. Three of them he found on a street corner, discussing the political problems of the government under which they lived. Seven men he found in a club room, reading, chatting, smoking. A score he found at public entertainments; a few at their places of business, lying in wait for belated customers; a half dozen at a progressive euchre party. Some were in a neighbor's house whiling away the hour in social intercourse. Many were at home, some too tired to go out, because they had been out all day and were planning to go out again to-morrow, and some doing nothing and wearily tired of it. A few were sick, a few were ministering to them. Some were curing convenient headaches by reading the latest novels. So, in the course of the evening, the band of five hundred was accounted for. Twenty-three at the rendezvous—four hundred and seventy-seven here, there, and elsewhere: dawdling, sleeping—a discouraging outlook for a struggling revolution.

"And what is all this ancient history?" you ask.

Oh, nothing much. And not so very ancient, either. Only Jesus Christ dropping in at a recent prayer-meeting in our church. That was all. And where did he find you?

—Robert J. Burdette.

Womanhood.

Extract from the President's address, Mrs. J. L. Logan, at the Annual Convention of Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church, May 14 to 17, 1901.



LITTLE girl was asked how Eve was made, and replied, "Out of Adam's backbone; and I guess it took it all." The moral backbone of our civilization is in its womanhood. Society will always be what woman makes it.

M. Worth, the eminent Paris dressmaker, telegraphed the Boston *Herald*, saying, "The great and pressing need of the age is a woman of influence somewhere or other to set the fashions." In default of this he has often, after exhausting his genius upon a new dress, been compelled to use various indirect devices to bring it into vogue. If one thinks what a beautiful work of art a lady's dress may be when wealth and Worth have done their best for it, and what an appalling product mere wealth without taste develops under that name, one may well give a sigh of sympathy to this man of genius who could find no woman quite worthy of his scissors. But the great demand of, the woman of influence is not only to wear Worth's dresses, but to mould and control all the habits of society. Thus, into whatever sphere of society she enters, whether the business, or the literary, or the philanthropic, or the reform, or the teaching world, she should become its conscience.

Her hands, like the Master's, are beautiful for their ministries. They reach out to the fallen one, and snatch her from the terrible abyss; they prepare and administer strengthening food to the sick and weary; they clothe the orphans, and bring comfort to the widows; they gently lead the aged to homes of comfort where they may find light at eventide. In the world of Reform, woman's hand is ever present. Such men as Cardinal Gibbons and Dr. Parkhurst freely admit the inability of men to cope with the evils of the time, unaided by the mental and moral strength of woman.

Some years ago I was present when a lady came to our house to have my husband make her will. When the document was prepared, it was presented to her to sign. She was an elderly lady, much weakened by disease, and at times very nervous. She took a small piece of paper which was lying on the table, and began writing her name upon it. Her hand trembled so violently that, when she had finished, it was impossible to read what she had written. She turned to me with a pitiful look and said, "I was afraid I could not do it. Will you please hold my hand while I try the best I can?" I placed my hand firmly over hers, steadying it while she wrote quite plainly her signature to the will. She has since passed away. That signature has given to needy ones the wherewithal to live comfortable, happy lives. Do you feel your hand of influence is feeble and unsteady, unfit to perform any service? Ask the Master to place his firm, tender, loving hand upon it, to give strength, confidence, firmness, and guidance; and at the last day, when the seal of your life is broken by the great judge, it will be found that the legacy of your influence will contain many precious jewels for those who have mingled with you in this earthly home.



American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Editorial Notes.

HOME Mission week in the Tent Evangelist, near the entrance to the Pan-American Exposition, will be an interesting feature of the Exposition. Tuesday, August 6th, will be given to the Baptists; the Congregationalists, Methodists, and Presbyterians, following in the order named on the three successive days. Morning sessions will be from 10 to 12 o'clock; afternoon sessions from 3 to 5. Excellent speakers will discuss the varied features of our Home Mission work. Baptist visitors to the Exposition should make a note of this.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for religious services in Spanish, at the Tent Evangelist at the Exposition, and for two weeks, beginning August 12th, Rev. W. H. Sloan, assisted by his daughter Edwina, will have charge of the exercises.

ANOTHER company of Cuban teachers comes to the United States this summer to equip themselves for their work in Cuba. The Cuban government will probably send from fifty to one hundred to the State Normal School at New Paltz, New York, at its own expense, in September.

THE relationship between the people of the United States and the peoples of Mexico, Cuba, and Porto Rico, as well as of the South American republics, is becoming closer every year. Just in proportion as sympathy and confidence are established between us and them, will the way be prepared for more effective Christian work among these Spanish-speaking people. The rapid changes that are taking place require, on our part, alertness to seize the opportunities that Providence presents to us.

THE death of Dr. F. H. Kerfoot, Corresponding Secretary of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, is a severe loss to that body. He was in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and had become influential in the organized activities of the Southern Baptists.

REV. H. R. MOSELEY, D. D., with his family, has returned for the summer to his former home, at Florence, S. C. It is expected that he will spend the latter part of August and a part of September in New England, in the interests of our work in Cuba. His address will be in care of Dr. Hazlewood, Tremont Temple, Boston.

REV. D. A. WILSON, formerly of Guadalajara, Mexico, has reached his new field in Puerto Principe, Cuba. Much is expected of him in connection with the labors of Dr. Moseley in Eastern Cuba.

REV. A. B. RUDD and family visit Virginia for a brief respite this summer. Plans are in progress for the erection of the much needed chapel in Ponce, immediately upon his return in the fall.

AT the July Board meeting it was voted to provide Rev. Robert Hamilton a Gospel Wagon for his missionary work among the Cheyennes of Oklahoma Territory, so that he may follow them in their changing abodes. The work for these Indians is becoming more and more hopeful.

It is arranged that missionaries of the Home Mission Society will enter the newly opened Indian reservations with the settlers who go thither in August, and will preach to the people at several places on the following Sunday. Baptists will be behind nobody in this pioneer work. This must be quickly followed up by the appointment of several men and the erection of chapels in the new settlements. For these new calls, larger resources are required.

The President, Concerning the Negro.

ON his Western tour President McKinley addressed an assemblage of colored students of the State Normal and Industrial School near Houston, Texas. Among other things he said: "It has given me great satisfaction to observe the advancement of your race since the immortal proclamation of liberty was made. The race is moving on, and has a promising future. It has been faithful to the government of the United States. It has been true and loyal and law-abiding. Fellow citizens, always observe the law. In our recent war with Spain your race displayed distinguished qualities of gallantry on more than one field. You were in the fight at El Caney and San Juan Hill, the brave black boys helping to emancipate the oppressed people of Cuba; and your race is in the Philippines, carrying the flag, and they have carried it stately in honor and in its glory. The last word I would leave with you is to be true and right to homes, to families, to yourselves, to your country, and true to God."

Beer Drinkers.



R. S. S. Thorn, a physician of experience in the army and twenty years' practice in Toledo, says: "Every man who drinks beer in any quantity soon begins to load himself with soft, unhealthy fat. This is bad, because it is the result of interference with the natural elimination of deleterious substances. No man, no matter what his constitution, can go on long with his system full of the morbid and dead matter which the kidneys and liver are intended to work off.

"If you could drop into a little circle of doctors when they are having a quiet, professional chat, you would hear enough in a few minutes to terrify you as to the work of beer. One will say, 'What's become of So-and-So? I haven't seen him around lately.' 'Oh, he's dead.' 'Dead! What was the matter?' 'Beer.' Another will say, 'I've just come from Blank's; I am afraid it's about my last call on him, poor fellow.' 'What's the trouble?' 'Oh, he's been a regular beer drinker for years.' A third will remark how ——— has just gone out like a candle in a draft of wind. 'Beer' is the reason given. And so on, till half a dozen physicians have mentioned fifty recent cases where apparently strong, hearty men, at a time of life when they should be in their prime, have suddenly dropped into the grave. To say they are habitual beer drinkers is sufficient explanation to any physician.

The president of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—one of the oldest in the country—has for years been investigating the relation of beer drinking to longevity; or otherwise, whether beer drinkers are desirable risks to a life insurance company.

He declared, as the result of a series of observations, carried on among a selected group of persons who were habitual drinkers of beer, that although for two or three years there was nothing remarkable, yet presently death began to strike, and then the mortality became astounding, and uniform in its manifestations. There was no mistaking it; the history was almost invariable; robust, apparent health, full muscles, a fair outside, increasing weight, florid faces; then a touch of cold or a sniff of malaria, and instantly some acute disease, with almost invariable typhoid symptoms, was in violent action, and ten days or less ended it.

It was as if the system had been kept fair on the outside, while within it was eaten to a shell, and at the first touch of disease there was utter collapse, every fibre was poisoned and weak. And this in its main features, varying in degree, has been his observation in beer drinking everywhere. It is peculiarly deceptive at first; it is thoroughly destructive at the last.

MORMONISM is spreading here with a rapidity that is almost startling. The followers of Brigham Young are striving their utmost to make converts among the citizens of the Empire City, and it is said that the aggressive campaign which is being waged, is not without effect. The Mormon missionaries have hired a three-story house on one of the prominent streets, and make their headquarters there.

The Mining Camp.

A MISSIONARY to a California mining camp, in relating his experience, says: "Angel's Camp is as unlike in moral character the name it bears, as some men are unlike the Bible worthies after whom they are called. It is a mining town of 4,000 people, and has fifty places where liquors are sold. Religious services have, for years, been of the most desultory character. The justice of the peace has performed the marriage ceremony, and the dead have been buried like brutes, without word or prayer. One girl, fifteen years of age, did not know what the name Jesus Christ meant."

A robust preacher who undertook to hold services there encountered great opposition from the rough element, but finally conquered for himself a position of influence in the community. In a crisis, in which public sentiment was on his side, he says that "a leading saloon-keeper sent him five dollars, 'because he admired his grit.' Before accepting the gift Mr. B. said to the giver: 'I must frankly say to you that I have come to Angel's Camp to do your business, all the damage I can.' The saloon man replied: 'All right; it is a ——— business.' (The words he used would not be proper in this place, but they accurately describe the business.) Another man, whose occupation is bottling beer and other drinks, hearing of the coming of the council, offered to send Mr. B. two cases of beer for his guests. The pastor told the man that his friends were not beer drinkers, and he changed his gift to soda water and sarsaparilla, and, in addition, put a case into the carriage when the council moved on. The recognition service was very impressive. The house was crowded, and some persons stood through the entire service."

The Saloon on the Frontier.

WHEN we visited Oklahoma, soon after the opening of the Cherokee Strip, the evidences of Satanic activity were noticeable in the large and conspicuous structures devoted to the sale of intoxicating beverages. The great manufacturers of beer had their depots established where they attracted the attention of all comers. So along the new railway lines, these demoralizing influences are active. A missionary in New Mexico who recently made an exploring tour over one of these lines says:

"One thing struck me with considerable force. These camps are followed by the vultures of the race. Tent saloons are in evidence near each camp; gambling and drinking abound. The devil's social parlor follows these men very closely. Day by day, and night after night these men are not out of sight of these devilish places. It makes my heart ache. So much to drag men down, and so little, so very little, to lift men up. No church, no religious agency, no preacher, no evangelist, no, not even a Salvationist to follow these camps and bring to them the blessed helpful gospel of Christ. And what a stretch of these camps! On the north they touch the panhandle of Texas and penetrate it, from thence running southward through the territory until they reach Carrizosa, nearly three hundred miles."

Jackson College, Jackson, Mich.

ONE of the greatest evils that threaten the colored people of Mississippi to-day is that of intemperance. It is confined to no age or sex. Drinking among all classes of colored men and women is exceedingly prevalent.

They seem to consider it a badge of their freedom, like bearing firearms, both being prohibited during slavery. Many intoxicants are consumed at saloons, and many more in the homes—these made by the women. It is a sad fact that the women are often leaders in this evil. I once heard a colored man, who had been a total abstainer for years, say that many temptations to break his pledge had come to him, and without exception they had come from women.

The plea was, "This wine is all right; I made it myself." Drinking is especially prevalent at Christmas time. I have known girls in our school to hesitate and even refuse to sign the pledge because they liked wine, their mother made it, and

all drank it at Christmas. A colored woman of character tells me that in what is termed the best society among colored people, wines and other liquors are freely used. It is a sad fact that many ministers are addicted to it, and that it does not seem to affect their standing with the people. As far as I can learn, little is done, save in the missionary schools, to arouse the people on this subject. There is one colored W. C. T. U. of about two years' standing. The white W. C. T. U. of the State meets in Jackson early in May. At that time the matter of work among the colored people is to be discussed, and we hope some wise plan of work will be adopted.

E. M. BARRETT.

The New Interest in the Negro.

IT appears that the process of uplifting the negro race has reached a peculiar stage, in some respects different from any that has preceded it. We might call it the Lime-light or Glare-of-Publicity stage. The negro is doing his growing under glass, and everybody is looking at him. Everybody has his tape-measure to note the progress of the

plant, and his stop-watch to see whether the growth is performed on time. All classes of men are having their turn at solving the problem. People that never gave a thought to systematic education or the development of the human mind know just exactly what the negro wants, and especially what he does not want. Never since the first start in reconstruction has the negro been so much talked about or so closely scrutinized as now. To those of that race who have any feeling allied to the actor's love for the stage, the gratuitous advertising, and the convergent stress of human eyes, characteristic of the present time, must be peculiarly gratifying. "We are made a spectacle unto the world and to angels and to men."

All at once we are surrounded by a clamorous crowd who all know our business better than we ever dreamed of know-

ing it ourselves; and a babel of dialects, from the accent of the "Southern White Woman" to the most vigorous Parkhurstese, are shouting, "The negro is this!" "The negro is that!" "Give us him such and such a training!" "Teach him his place!"

"Eliminate him from politics!"—and we feel as if we were no garden at all. We are a ball game. The poor negro's brain is the ball, to be dropped and curved, and batted, and fielded, according to the most approved modern methods—and he himself with no will or voice in the matter! The quiet in which the work was going on is all gone, and we are suddenly transferred to a new environment, in which rival captains, umpires, spectators, and vociferous "rooters," all vie with each other in seeking to "rattle" the players, and to engineer the whole process of development from the outside, and at long range.

With all this turmoil, however, let us not be distracted or made to forget where we are. We are on the ball-field only in seeming. The right adjustment of the negro problem remains, after all, a process of development, and like all true development, it must be gradual and from within.

Good friends, let this merciless glare of publicity pass on soon, that the rising negro race may have a chance to be itself, and develop in self-respecting dignity and privacy like other men. — *The University Journal*.



MR. AND MRS. L. G. BARRETT, JACKSON, MISS.

Our Work for the Jews.

THE longer He keeps me in His gospel work among my Jewish brethren, the more fully I am convinced that that Great Shepherd is soon going to find out the lost sheep of the house of Israel. This fact has been shown during the last three months of labor, in which His power has been manifest. Very large numbers of Jews have been attending the services; on several occasions a few had to stand in the aisle. The crowds in attendance have caused the other Jews to be jealous; they have, therefore, tried to prevent the brethren from visiting the mission, in various ways. They hired a music band to play right opposite the mission room at the time of the meeting. They made it hot for me; for I had to contend with the sound of tin and brass. Again they tried to hold some kind of meetings and concerts at the time of our services. But the Lord is seeking these lost sheep, and they flock therefore to His fold. I do not think that I have ever seen before such an interest in the gospel displayed by the Jews, as during the last three months. They have simply shown hunger after the word of God. In two evenings, after the meetings, seventy-six Jews asked me very earnestly to give them Hebrew New Testaments, which I readily administered unto them. Last Friday evening, in spite of the high temperature, the mission room was comfortably filled. Eleven Jews have taken private instruction. As a rule, when a Jewish brother tells me of his conviction of the Messiahship of the Lord Jesus Christ, he does not know of his duty to be baptized, or to commemorate His death by the breaking of bread. Therefore I take such brethren into my private rooms for several days, and teach them concerning these and many other things. The Jews do not know how to pray to God as the Christians do; for they think that He would not answer them on account of their sins. Only some very great rabbis, who are very holy, can receive answers from God to their prayers. Oh, what a flood of light comes upon the true Jew when he realizes that he is a son of God through the blood of the Lord Jesus! Fourteen Jews have told me that they had been convinced that the Lord Jesus is the Messiah. I appointed a time for them to come to my house, but only eleven came, and received full instruction. Two of them have been baptized. Now you will ask me, perhaps, where are the nine. Well, I must say that some have such difficulties to face, that, humanly speaking, it is impossible for them to do it now, and some are so poor that they are ashamed to appear in a church. My heart goes out in praises to God our Father for His blessings upon the preaching of the Cross to the Jews. When we see intelligent Jews humbly accepting Him whom they once rejected, I tell you it means much. Although they are few in number, they are many in weight. It has often been said that Jewish converts ought to be weighed instead of counted. What a host the Church has gained in a Paul, Neander, Saphir, and Edersheim, and many others. Let us remember the utterance of the Holy Spirit, "To the Jew first."

Yours very truly, in the blessed privilege of serving the Lord Jesus Christ by going "rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

LEOPOLD COHN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Pilgrimage to St. Anne.

THE annual pilgrimage of French Canadians in New England to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, a few miles below the city of Quebec, began in July. In many cases the pilgrims are under the charge of the French priest who will conduct their supplications and the religious services in the behalf of the sufferers whose faith takes them perhaps six hundred miles on a journey where every turn of the car wheel means physical anguish. The crush of pilgrims has been so great that special cars, and in some cases, special trains, have been advertised by the railroads for the accommodation of the pilgrims.

The original relic which is exposed for veneration, is described as "a notable fragment of a finger bone of St. Anne." This reposes in the centre of the shrine, in a glass case and metal box. It has been in Beaupre since 1670, and has received the veneration of at least a million and a half persons. There is also a piece of St. Anne's wrist exposed for veneration. This was sent by Pope Leo after it had been exposed to view in New York City in 1892. There it attracted thousands of persons to St. Anne's Church. A third relic is what is described as "a precious fragment of rock, extracted from the room of St. Anne in Jerusalem." St. Anne was the mother of the Virgin Mary.

The pilgrims kneel before the glass case containing the finger bone, praying a few at a time, and then kiss the glass case which forms the front of the box in which the bone reposes. A few wipe the box before kissing it, but most of them neglect this sanitary measure. After they have kissed the glass, the pilgrims drop a coin in the shrine. This money has built the new church at Beaupre, and the contributions are now used for keeping beautified the parochial grounds.

The wretchedness and despair written on the face of the pilgrims who have not found relief at the shrine of St. Anne are familiar sights. Privation and suffering are cheerfully endured by the pilgrims in their abounding faith to make possible a visit to the shrine, but when it proves a failure, despair is depicted in every feature and movement. Food and clothing for entire families have in many cases been sacrificed to send an afflicted member to the shrine.

Literary Honor for a Negro.

E. A. JOHNSON, ESQ., Dean of the law department of Shaw University, is the author of a "School History of the Negro Race," which has been adopted by the State Board of Education of North Carolina for use in the schools of the State. The adoption covers a period of five years, and is compulsory. The *Sentinel* of North Carolina says, "That the State Board of Education adopted the book is the surest sign of the weight of Lawyer Johnson's argument, and the negroes of the Old North State feel proud of the author of such a book, and also proud of the State Board of Education which has taken such a high stand, discarding all political and race prejudices in their action. The adoption of this book means a great deal to us in the future; it took ability to write it, and much courage to push its adoption at the present time, when political race prejudice is running so high in the State."

Missionary Hypermetropia.



HOME missions are considered in two different ways by two classes of Christians. Those that are cool, calculating, and inclined to look out rather sharply for interests near at hand in space and time, prefer home missions as an object of their gifts. "Let us Christianize America first," they urge, "and then we may turn to Africa and India."

"Beginning at Jerusalem," is a favorite missionary phrase with them. They are intensely patriotic. They consider our nation to be quite the hope of the world, and until its most distant meridian has owned our Lord, they hold a dollar sent abroad to be a treasonable dollar.

On the other hand, there are romantic, spirited souls, fired with the heroic, moved for large enterprises, who take little thought for home missions. In theory, they place them on an equality with foreign missions, but their writings and their speeches contain fifty words for India or Africa to one for the American Indians or negroes. The books they read are accounts of missionary adventures in lands afar. If they engage in the personal support of a missionary or a mission worker, this also is done for the foreign field.

Now the latter are largely young folks and the former are their elders, and it is at least an open question whether home missions do not gain more from the full-pursed, stay-at-home conservatism of the grown-ups than they lose from the slim-pursed, roving novelty-seeking of more youthful fancies. But, however that may be, our Christian Endeavor societies, which are training-schools for the church, should take, in practice as well as theory, the right attitude toward home missions. The responsibility for this rests, of course, on the pastors, Christian Endeavor officers, and other local leaders, and this editorial is addressed mainly to them.

We realize how difficult it is to arouse an interest in home missions. There are scarcely half a dozen books that give popular, readable accounts of home mission work suited to all denominations. There are scores upon scores of such books for the foreign field. We shall soon present to our readers a series of fascinating home-mission sketches, obtained from all denominations and all parts of the country, but obtained after a long search that exhibited to us very clearly one cause of the dearth of home-mission literature.

Besides, the home missionary labors amid unromantic surroundings, in poverty and hardships, with no impending massacres to thrill, and no nation-wide influences to exalt the reader. In a little church very much like our own little church, among farmers and servant girls and clerks much like our neighbors, in American garments similar to ours, only much put of style and very threadbare,—it is thus that the home missionary works. He cannot interest us with curious customs and pigeon English, and if any very stirring conversions took place, or any very remarkable transformations of communities,—why, his people read the papers, and their sensitiveness would be injured should he publish an account.

And yet because of these things, because of this lack of éclat and romance, the home missionary should be a hero in the eyes of all who follow the Lowly One of Nazareth. Christ was a missionary to His own people. He sent Paul to Macedonia, but He remained in Palestine. It is a sadly defective, ill-balanced, and essentially un-Christly view of missions that does not seek a practical equality, not only in money but in study, zeal, and prayers, between our gifts to the home and to the foreign field. Let us look to our tithe accounts. Let us look to our missionary meetings. Let us consider our missionary reading. Let us give no cent less to the great cause abroad, no cent, no moment, and no thought less; but let us bring up to its proper proportion, if it has it not already, the equally great cause, at home.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

A New Mission in Cuba.



THE gospel ship is fairly launched in the Province of Puerto Principe, the last on the island, which, until now, had lain untouched by missions, perhaps because less accessible than any others. The province is the second largest, but sparsely populated, and more so since the wars. The capital city, Puerto Principe, has a population of 25,000. I have been here but two weeks. A house has been rented, lights put in, and a few chairs rented for immediate, temporary use. The first public meetings were held on Sunday, June 30th. If first indications are an index of the future, the people are ripe for the gospel. At the morning meeting there were some twenty-five intelligent and attentive listeners, and at night a hundred or more, and we could not seat half of them. Nearly all remained through the meeting, though most of them had to remain standing. Many children sat on the floor. A number of those present in the morning, came again at night. Sixteen copies of the Gospel were bought, and paid for, by those in attendance. The Lord be praised for this beginning. D. A. WILSON.

Puerto Principe, Cuba, July 2, 1901.

Opening the Indian Reservations.

THE opening of new tracts for settlement in the last few years has been marked by scenes of great disorder and violence, each person striving to get ahead of others in securing the best site. Thousands were preparing to take part in the rush for land in the Wichita and Kiowa Indian reservations in Oklahoma at the moment when these should be thrown open. To prevent occurrences like those in the past, the Secretary of the Interior has announced the way in which these lands will be assigned. The area will allow for about 13,500 allotments. It is expected that there may be 80,000 or 90,000 applications. All persons qualified to receive an allotment are to register at one of two designated land offices by July 26th, and each application received is to be put in an envelope. After July 29th the envelopes are to be drawn at random from boxes, and the names contained are to be recorded in the order in which they come. On August 6th the persons bearing the first 125 names are to be summoned and are to receive allotments in order. Then another group will be summoned, and so on, until all the available territory has been allotted.

Tidings from Porto Rico.



REV. H. P. McCORMICK, of San Juan, Porto Rico, writing July 1st, gives a general survey of the work in his district, which is very encouraging. "At Rio Piedras, the previous week, five substantial men were received for baptism; these were converted under the ministry of one of the humblest members of the church, who, a year ago, could scarcely spell a word out of the Book he now preaches from with efficacy. Several members of the church have spent, in part at their own, and in part at the expense of the church, several days each, helping Brother Cabreba in his Carolina field. Thus the responsibility for the evangelization of Porto Ricans is being laid on the consciences of the converts.

"In the Carolina District, the labors of Brother Cabreba have resulted in a number of conversions. On my recent visit there I baptized six, and received a large number for baptism on suitable occasion. The baptism in the ocean was very beautiful and impressive. Among those baptized was a thirteen-year-old boy—the most remarkable child I ever saw. He is white, of a good family, speaks English well, though he has had only a year and a half schooling in a common school; is solidly, stockily built, full of fun and humor; attractive mien and face, and preaches like a man who has had years of experience, without having lost the freshness of youth. He has wonderful—the only word to express it—knowledge of spiritual things, and the ease and grace with which he trips Romish and atheistic scoffers is incredible. I take little enough stock in marvels, especially precocious ones, but this is the most interesting case of brightness and grace I ever met. I cannot prophesy, but I do pray that this one of Brother Cabreba's fold may realize the expectation of those of us who long to see men raised up to lead this people.

"The Roman Catholic Bishop is organizing Catholic clubs and societies all over the island, and as he can count on the moneyed, educated, and influential people, they are bound to have great influence against the gospel. I have long wondered why he failed so long to use his influence among the worldlings for his church's glory.

"Altogether, there is much for which to be grateful, and hopeful."

Put to Sleep in the Dark.

THE weary child, the long play done,
Wags slow to bed at set of sun,
Sees mother leave, fears night begun,
But by remembered kisses made
To feel, though lonely, undismayed,
Glides into dreamland unafraid.

The weary man, life's long day done,
Looks lovingly at his last sun,
Sees all friends fade, fears night begun,
But by remembered mercies made
To feel, though dying, undismayed,
Glides into glory unafraid.

—Bishop H. W. Warren, in *Independent*.

The Drink Habit in Porto Rico.



DURING my almost two years in Porto Rico, I have rarely seen cases of intemperance, although the drinking of rum or whiskey, or wine or beer, is universal among these people.

In some small hotels, the rum bottle is set on the table, and the boarders are expected to use it, if desired, as they use the salt or pepper. In others, each guest has his own bottle, paid for, and set at his plate, along with his napkin.

Few people are so poor as not to be able to afford a cent's worth of rum each day. It is vile stuff, of a vile odor, and flies to the head as soon as taken. I have known a taciturn coachman, on a cold, rainy trip through the mountains, metamorphosed into a giddy chatterbox by a moment's visit to a wayside shop, "to get a glass of water," as he explained to me.

"Then do not drink any more of that kind of water," I said.

He laughed. "Why señora, that man inside is my friend, and when he comes to my house in Ponce, I offer him something to drink. Can I refuse and hurt his feelings, when he offers it to me? Then it warms one's heart, and keeps the wet from striking in!"

I was walking through a miserable street in Ponce, one day, when a screaming, drunken woman ran up to me with open arms, and embraced me, pinning my arms to my sides.

"Why do you treat me so?" I asked, helplessly.

"Because I love you," she answered, her horrid breath on my cheek, while the men gathered in the rum shop jeered.

The taking of rum is so natural a thing with the Porto Ricans, that it comes to them with a sort of surprise when they hear that, as servants of Christ, they must stop it.

Our church covenant forbids the use of any intoxicating drink, and I think our church-members are faithful in obedience. While we see little of the worst effects of drinking, we know that they exist, and that women and children suffer in consequence.

Often, the missionary is offered a drink, when visiting a home. If it be only a cup of black coffee, he may run the risk of a sleepless night, rather than offend the sense of hospitality in his host, but when a beer bottle appears, or the sherry glass, or the thimbleful of rum, there is but one course to take. Not long ago, I declined beer, and the lady of the house gathered her children about her and divided the foaming glass, intended for me, among the little ones—even the teething baby girl coming in for her share.

To my words of expostulation, she replied, with pride, that the baby loved it.

As the laws of the Board of Health are doing something toward cleaning the streets and homes of the island, the law is the Word of God, and in the awakening hearts of the people, is making their lives cleaner, as they learn to obey.

The present generation of elders can hardly understand our sensations at the scent of liquor on the breath, although it may condemn the intoxicated stage as much as we do, but the young children of the present, and those to come, will have learned that, to be clean, healthy, and good, the old drinking habit of their forefathers must be outlived, along with religious superstition, and other evils incident to a dependent and priest-ridden people.

JANIE P. DUGGAN.

Beelzebub According to Christmas Evans.

CHRISTMAS EVANS, the famous Welsh preacher, was once appointed to lecture at a place where the minister was somewhat opposed to the temperance movement. However, notwithstanding his opposition, but as if in anticipation of an attack, he at first said he should not be present at the lecture, and yet such was the fascination that he could not stay away. By and by he crept up into the gallery, where the preacher's eye, for he had only one,—which had been long searching for him, at length discovered him. All went on "as usual" until the time came when the arrow might be drawn, which was slyly done.

"I had a dream the other night," said Evans; "dreamed that I was in Pandemonium, the council chamber of Hades. How I got there I know not, but there I was. I had not been there long before, there came a thundering rap at the gates.

"Beelzebub! Beelzebub! You must come to earth directly."

"Why, what's the matter now?"

"Oh, they are sending out missionaries to preach to the heathen!"

"Are they? Bad news this! I'll be there presently."

"Beelzebub came and hastened to the place of embarkation, where he saw the missionaries, their wives, and a few boxes of Bibles and tracts; but on looking around he saw rows of casks piled up and labelled gin, rum, brandy, etc. 'That will do!' said he; 'no fear yet! These casks will do more harm than the boxes can do good!' So saying, he stretched his wings for hell again. After a time came another loud call.

"Beelzebub! they are forming Bible societies."

"Are they? Then I must go!"

He went, and found two ladies going from house to house distributing the Word of God. 'This won't do,' said he, 'but I'll watch the result.'

"The ladies visited an aged female, who received the Bible with much reverence and many thanks. Satan loitered about, and when the ladies were gone the old lady came to her door to look around to assure herself that the coast was clear. She then put on her bonnet, and with a small parcel under her apron, hastened to the next public house, where she pawned her Bible for a bottle of gin. 'That will do,' said Beelzebub; 'no fear yet,' and he flew back to his own place.

"Again came a loud knock and hasty summons. 'They are forming temperance societies.'

"Temperance societies! What's that? I'll come and see!' He came and saw, and flew back, and said, 'This won't do much harm to me or my subjects; they are forbidden the use of ardent spirits, but they have left my poor people all the ale and porter, and the rich all the wines; no fear yet.'

"Again came a louder rap and a more urgent call: 'Beelzebub, you must come now, or all is lost; they are forming teetotal societies.'

"Teetotal! What, in the name of all my imps, is that?' 'To drink no intoxicating liquors whatever,—the sole beverage is water!' 'Indeed, that is bad news; I must see after this.' And so he did, but he went back again to satisfy the anxious inquiries of his legions, who were all qui vive in the matter.

"Oh," said he, "don't be alarmed; true, it's an awkward matter, but it won't spread much yet, for all the parsons are against it, and Mr. A——, of W——" (sending up an eagle glance of his eye at him), 'is at the head of them.'"

"But I won't be any longer at the head of them!" cried out Mr. A——, and calmly walking down out of the gallery, he entered the table-pew and signed the pledge.—*Rockester Baptist Monthly.*

A Quaker's Temperance Lecture.

SEVERAL persons, among them a Quaker, were crossing the Alleghany Mountains in a stage.

A lively discussion arose on the subject of temperance and the liquor business, and those engaged in it were severely handled. One of the company remained silent. After enduring it as long as he could, he said: "Gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am a liquor dealer. I keep a public house, but I would have you to know that I have a license, and keep a decent house. I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place, and when a man has enough he can get no more at my bar. I sell to decent people, and do a respectable business."

He thought he had put a quietus on the subject, and that no answer could be given. Not so. The Quaker said:

"Friend, that is the most damnable part of thy business. If thee would sell to drunkards and loafers, thee would help to kill off the race, and society would be rid of them. But thee takes the young, the poor, the innocent, and the unsuspecting, making drunkards and loafers of them. When their character and money are all gone, thee kicks them out, and turns them over to other shops to finish them off; and thee ensnares others and sends them on the same road to ruin."

National Hymn.

O GOD, beneath Thy guiding hand
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.

Thou heardest, well pleased, the song, the prayer,
Thy blessing came, and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod
The God they trusted guards their graves.

And here Thy name, O God of love!
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

—*Leonard Bacon, D. D.*



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY
ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

A Word with Our Girls.



AS there ever such a lot of beautiful roses? Three hundred of them, so the young men who were arranging the decorations said, as they almost caressingly bore the great red beauties to their place in the centre of the table where the feast was to be spread.

"A wedding anniversary is to be celebrated here to-night,"—is the

answer to the query of one of our party, as we passed down one of the long corridors in a great hotel of one of our leading cities not long ago. For hours there came to our ears, over the transom of the room where we were gathered for our deliberations concerning the things of the kingdom, the sounds of laughter and song in increasing hilarity. A passing glimpse at the scene within revealed a company beautiful to look upon. There was nothing lacking of beauty, dress, or decorations to make the picture complete. Fine-looking young men and women, with faces showing culture and refinement, and with manners betokening high breeding, sat at the banquet table drinking to each other's health and happiness (?).

Costly jewels glittered on delicate fingers that raised the glasses to lips whose lightest word might have turned the feet, which that night were taking a long step in the downward way, into the paths of upright living. Far into the night and into the early morning continued the sounds of revelry, and beside the faces of the bright young women I had just seen, and which seemed to have stamped themselves upon the mental vision, were many others with which I am familiar and which are filled with earnest purpose to exert a positive influence for good along the lines of temperance and social purity. Oh, dear young women, do you realize the truth of the words spoken by Miss Clara Parrish, the general secretary of the Young Woman's Branch of the National W. C. T. U., at the Y meeting of the W. C. T. U. Convention in Burma, while on her world-wide mission of faith and hope and love, from 1896 to 1900?

"What wonderful opportunities are yours to-day, girls, as you stand upon the threshold of a new century! It is woman's age—a marvellous age,—

"An age on ages telling, to be living is sublime."

The whole universe is to be yours, provided you are strong enough to put self under your feet; provided you are

brave enough to be true to the convictions of your highest womanhood. The possibilities of your lives are not to be measured by the amount of money that you have, nor by anything, in fact, but your unconscious influence.

In Switzerland there is a mountain called the Jung Frau, or "Young Woman." It stands out, as you view the whole range, more magnificently than even the noted Matterhorn. The "Young Woman!" What beautiful thoughts come to one as she sees it for the first time, or lives over again in memory the impression that it made! To me it was, in a very special sense, a type of the grandeur and strength of pure womanhood, and I used to stand for hours looking, praying that I might carry the inspiration of it to young women everywhere. I would not take anything, now, for the influence upon my life of that picture.

And yet, do you know, it has not been nearly so great as that exerted by some men and women whom I have met? Oh, these living mountains of sweetness, purity, and strength! I covet nothing so much for you, young women, as that you might be the "Jung Frau," the "guiding star," of all the young people whom you know.

We trust many of our Baptist girls are "Y" girls, wearing proudly the white ribbon and living up to the principles for which it stands. The *Union Signal* of July 4th says that if old societies have not disbanded, there are now fully a thousand local "Y" Unions and branches in the States. The same issue has also a strong plea for the help of the girls in the temperance cause, in these words: "The eyes of the world are upon the girls, and, we would almost say, the life of the white-ribbon organization is in their hands. The Crusade Mothers are very old, now. Many of them can but watch the smoke of battle from places of guarded rest and safety. Perhaps to some of them, the new thought, the new word of the new day, the higher keynote of the new century, looks a little doubtful. The old way was so good, so grand! And it was. God help us if we forget it or forsake its principles. But for the old the new could not be. 'Oh, girls! girls! girls! With loyalty to the old, grasp the strong hand of the new. The principles of truth are one. The mode of expression alone varies. Every new life grafted upon the old should be fairer in form, sweeter and rarer in fruit. Girls, keep your faces forward. Keep the principles your grandmothers stood for—the holding fast of righteousness and love and purity. But, as you want the world to move forward on its God-ward way, scorn not, neglect not, the new plans and methods, the modern adjustments.

"We can always trust our Baptist girls to be true to the convictions which come to them regarding any good work, and we look for their loving interest and cooperation in the temperance cause."

Our Little folks.



Water for Me.

WHAT say the merry birds warbling in glee?
Hark to their cheerful notes, Water for me!
What say the sweet fresh flowers, sparkling with dew,
Unfolding every hour beauties to view?
What cries the waving grain up to the sky?
Give us the gentle rain soon, or we die.
What say the girls and boys, ruddy and fair?
Give us pure, healthy joys, make our lives fair;
Give us water, pure water, sparkling and free,
Yes, water, fresh water, is the best drink for me.

Good Security.

"MISTER, do you lend money here?" asked an earnest young voice at the office door.

The lawyer turned from his desk, confronted a clear-eyed, poorly dressed lad of twelve years, and studied him keenly for a minute. "Sometimes we do—on good security," he said, gravely.

The little fellow explained that he had a chance "to buy out a boy that's cryin' papers." He had half the money required, but he needed to borrow the other fifteen cents.

"What security can you offer?" asked the lawyer.

The boy's brown hand sought his pocket and drew out a paper carefully folded in a bit of calico. It was a cheaply printed pledge against the use of intoxicating liquor and tobacco. As respectfully as if it had been the deed to a farm the lawyer examined it, accepted it, and handed over the required sum.

A friend who had watched the transaction with silent amusement laughed as the young borrower departed.

"You think I know nothing about him?" smiled the lawyer. "I know that he came manfully, in what he supposed to be a business way, and tried to negotiate a loan instead of begging the money. I know that he has been under good influences, or he would not have signed that pledge, and that he does not hold it lightly or he would not have cared for it so carefully. I agree with him that one who keeps himself from such things has a character to offer as security." — *Forward.*

The Loyal Call.

'TIS the time of earnest doing,
Loyal hearts are needed now,
Hearts that love their home and country,
And to evil will not bow.

CHORUS.

Youth and maidens, little children,
You are needed, one and all,
Strong in numbers, full of courage,
Soon the gates of sin will fall.

We are patriots and must rescue,
From the foe that holds it fast,
Our fair land of homes most precious,
So away all fear we'll cast.

We are soldiers, but we carry
Neither gun, nor sword, nor spear,
Faith and love are sure to conquer,
Yes, the victory is near.

— By Anna A. Gordon, in "Marching Songs."



WE wonder how many of our boys and girls are members of the Loyal Temperance Legion. We hope a great many are enrolled in the ranks, and that they are true to the pledge, which in rhyme is as follows:

"God helping me,
I promise not to buy, drink, sell, or give
Alcoholic liquors while I live;
From all tobacco I'll abstain,
And never take God's name in vain."

All over our country the young people are learning in our schools and in their Legions that any drink, whether it is wine, beer, or cider, that contains alcohol, injures the brain and stomach, and that the use of tobacco in any form, but especially in cigarettes, hinders the right action of the heart, takes away the ambition, causes the school boy to neglect his studies, to be an idle, useless, shiftless kind of a lad. Of course all our little folks want to grow up to be good men and women; to make their parents happy instead of sorrowful. The keeping of the L. T. L. pledge will be a very long step toward a noble manhood and womanhood.

We are glad to give you a nice temperance song-written by Miss Anna Gordon, the superintendent of the L. T. L. of the world's W. C. T. U. She is a very dear friend of every little boy and girl, and she is most dearly loved in return. Mrs. Stevens, the president of the National Union, says: "Everywhere she has friends among the young people. She helps them in numberless ways, making them song books, writing, speaking to them, and they always listen attentively, learning a great deal when she talks. The life of Anna Gordon is filled with thoughtful kindness to others. She is unselfishly devoting her time, her talents, herself to help make the world a safer and better place for the children. . . . She is a most ardent lover of flowers, she is kindness itself to animals, in short, she is good to everything that God has created."

In a late letter to the *Union Signal* Miss Gordon's sister Elizabeth gives a beautiful description of a lovely mountain home among the Catskills in New York State, where she and Miss Gordon and Mrs. Stevens spent a recent Sabbath.

"Here, on the green hillside, hidden away in a tangle of thick foliage, with mountains on either side, the stillness broken only by the music of the woods and winged songsters," is "Eagle's Nest," Miss Willard's beloved retreat, where now those to whom she was precious love to come. The writer says that to the weary ones on their way home from their Southern trip, heavenly truths were taught by ferns and flowers, birds and brooks, hills and valleys, and by a little "Jack in the Pulpit," who one declared was a very good preacher himself. Loving

animals as she does, Miss Gordon was glad to find that Chip-pie Willard, the pet squirrel who ate nuts from Miss Willard's hand and hunted for them in her pocket, was there to greet them. She knew him

by his stubby tail. He ran into the cottage many times a day, making a bobbing courtesy before standing on his hind legs and filling both cheeks with nuts. It was very amusing to watch him scampering out with his booty. The squirrel can teach us many lessons of gentleness and industry, but he does not know what every little boy and girl may know,—the secret of living to make the world happier and holier.

Remember the Goat.

JASPER opened his eyes one lovely summer morning and found the sun shining into his room. He jumped up and ran to the window. The ground was covered with daisies all in blossom.

"I'll pick some for mamma," thought the little fellow, and without waiting to be dressed he ran down-stairs and out into the field near the house.

Somebody was there before him. A neighbor's goat had strayed into the field and now claimed it as his own property. He wanted no little boy there picking flowers.

The goat put his head down and pushed. So did Jasper.

"I guess I'm stouter than you," thought the boy.

The goat thought the same thing about himself. He

pushed harder and harder, until Jasper was glad to take to his heels and run home, leaving Mr. Goat in full possession.

"Why didn't you go somewhere else for flowers?" said Jasper's father when he heard the story. "There was no goat in the next field."

"I thought I could drive him out," said Jasper, "but I couldn't. He drove me."

The next day Jasper and his father took a long walk. It was very hot, and they both were tired and thirsty before they got back. By and by they passed a little restaurant with this sign in the window: "Ice cold beer. Five cents a glass."

"Oh, do let's have some," said Jasper. "It'll taste so good."

"Look out," said his father, "there's a goat in there."

"Where? I don't see any."

"I didn't mean a real live goat, but something that might be too strong for you to resist if you once gave it a chance. One glass of beer might not hurt you very much, but I never

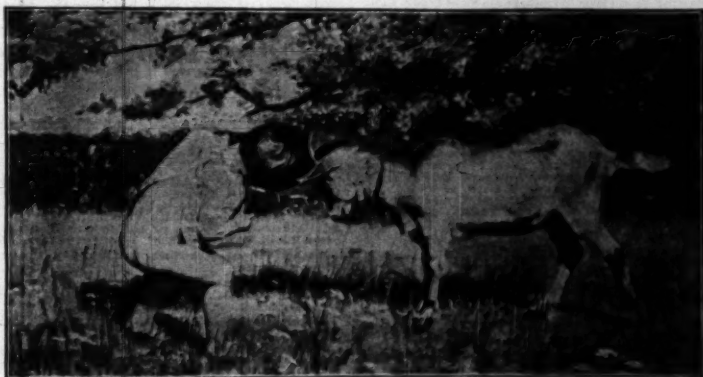
saw any one who took the first glass and stopped with that. Those who begin to drink beer usually keep on taking more and more until they can't let it alone. The appetite for it gets too strong for them, just as you found yesterday that the goat was stronger than you. When any one asks you to take just a taste of beer or any other liquor with alcohol in it, just remember the goat, and say, 'No, thank you.'"

"I will," said Jasper.

WHEN some one remonstrated with an old liquor-seller for enticing the boys into his saloon, he replied: "Oh, it's beesness, beesness,—the old drinkers will soon be dead, and where will my beesness be if I don't get the boys?"

LITTLE words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun.
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne—
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

—Selected.



By courtesy of the School Physiology Journal.